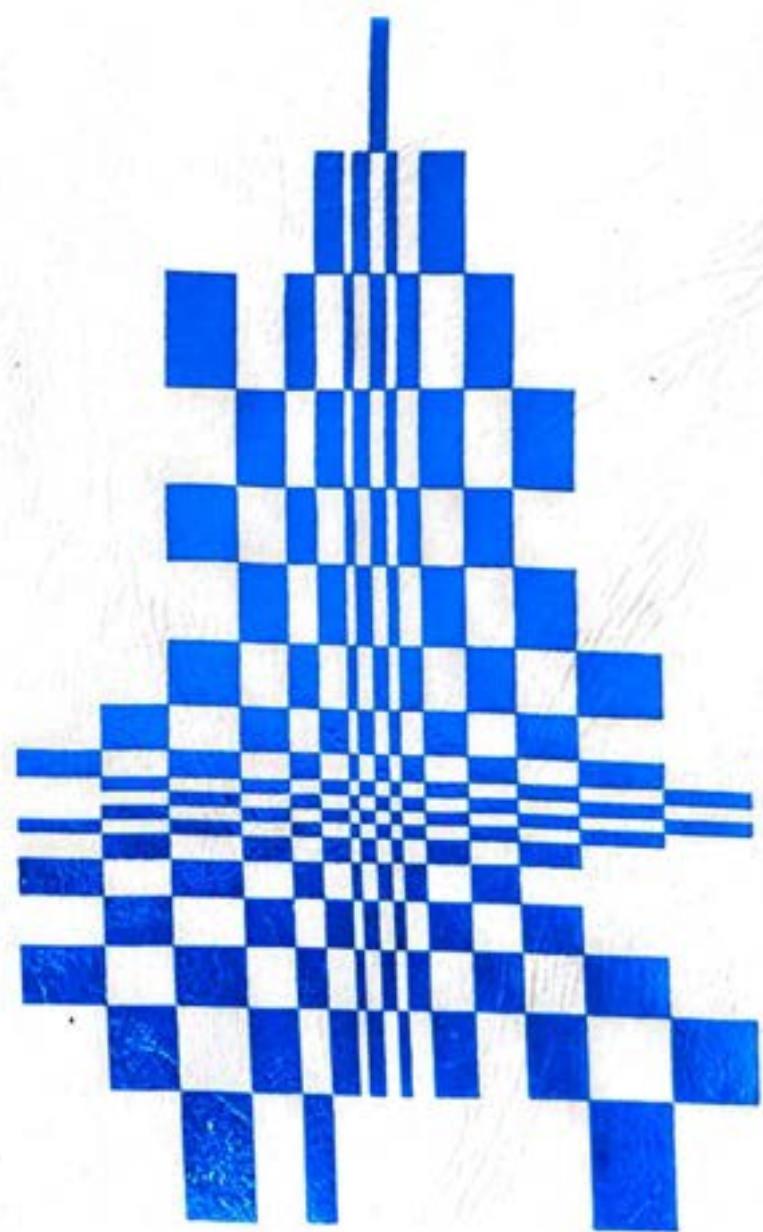




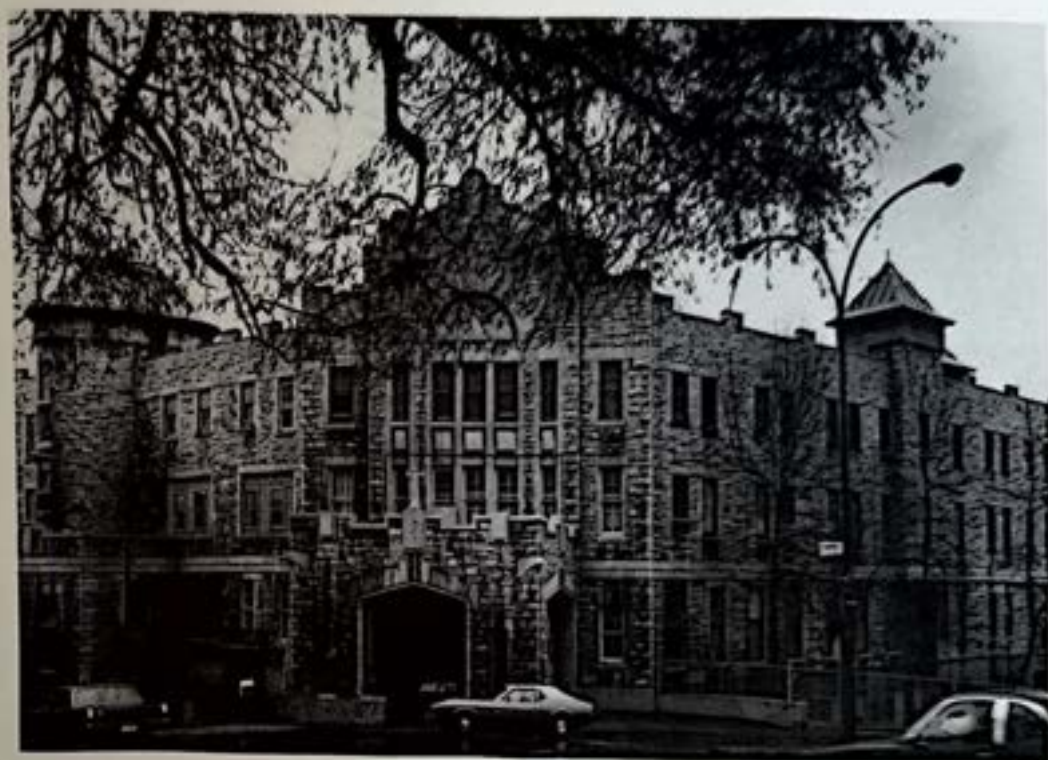
YESTERDAYS
73-74





CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART

1973-1974



Hand in hand we come
To lay this book in your lap
Say you're surprised?
Say you like it?
Say it's just what you wanted?
Because it's yours --
Because we love you.

A. A. Milne
-from Winnie-the-Pooh



SISTER J. McCARTHY, R.S.C.J.

Congratulations to the class of '74. In the years ahead, may you be women with a strong sense of commitment to others who need to find in you: FAITH - so that they may believe in themselves, in others, in God. But now the Lord who created you says, "Don't be afraid, for I have ransomed you; I have called you by your name; you are mine." HOPE - to face today's world and courage to look to the future "We are not afraid of tomorrow because we know yesterday and we love today." LOVE - to be unselfish and dedicated to peace and social justice. "Only this does your God ask of you: that you

ACT JUSTLY
LOVE TENDERLY
WALK HUMBLY WITH YOUR GOD."

MRS. VEZEAU

Congratulations to the Graduating Class of 1974 with the best of wishes with love from every member of the Staff. Thanks to the industrious Yearbook Committee, you have another record for pleasant reminiscing for future days.

Will you remember that 1973-74 saw the reappearance of tennis courts and new badminton courts for the athletic minded; saw the dreaded Government examinations in June could be passed with a rewarding mark based on the year's work; saw the Study Hall become exclusively the domain of the Second Cours?

We, the Staff, hope that you will remember the many teachers who helped you to "become you" and "to know yourself", despite some embarrassing moments. If your graduating year means the year in which you begin to realize that successes followed diligence to duty coupled with a sound honesty about yourself, then we know we have helped to educate you for the new phase of your life. Good luck and God bless.



SISTER M. JOHNSON, R.S.C.J.

Trust and personal integrity are gifts to be treasured and nurtured. Gifts are not of one's own making; they may be neglected. The person who chooses may become true and sincere and thus caring. It is my hope that throughout this year, each student has grown because each has chosen to develop her own precious gifts -- . Thus the future for the members of the Sacred Heart family shines brightly on the horizon.



INTRODUCING THE STAFF



"Swing your partners, have a
laugh, on the next page you'll
meet the staff"





Miss Remerowski

"When Student Council took over her office they"

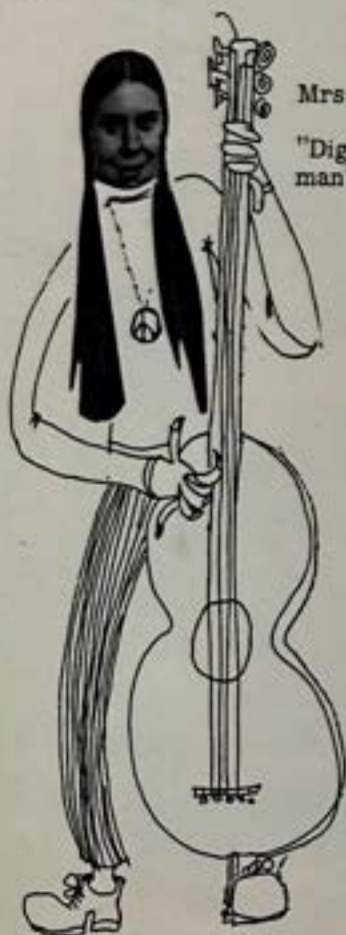
Mrs. Allen

"is wondering how she always gets talked out of giving homework"



Mme. Habachi

"Je suis un good guy"



Mrs. Church

"Dig that beat man"

Mrs. Beckett

"I'm feeling guruvy"



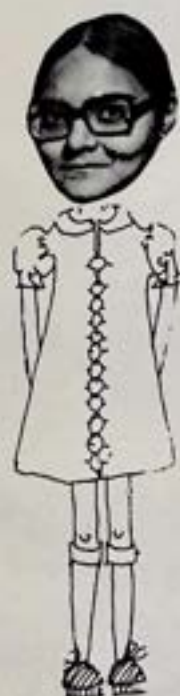
Mrs. Reid

"It's okay, Bill Shakespeare started off like this too"





"Miss Joy thinks
flowers taste good,
eh, Sister Murphy?"



"Please go the
end of the line"



"The French Connection"



"See what you made me
do"



"It happens every day"



"Sacred Heart's - world's greatest bookie"

"Definitely a true blue Sacred Heart - no matter what the circumstances the reports always get out"



"Mrs. Hammond has one up on the road runner"



"And now to defy the law of gravity"



"S'est la vie"





"You can have 2 cookies"

"Probable Destiny-
A sand-Bar maid?"



"Please add all diamonds, and sub-
tract polka-dots"



"That's one
more that back-
fired"



"I hope Choral
Club appreciates
this"

"Eat your heart out
Bonnie Prudent"



Happiness is "when
the bells ring when
you want them to"



Despite her
Historical
mind she's
right with the
times

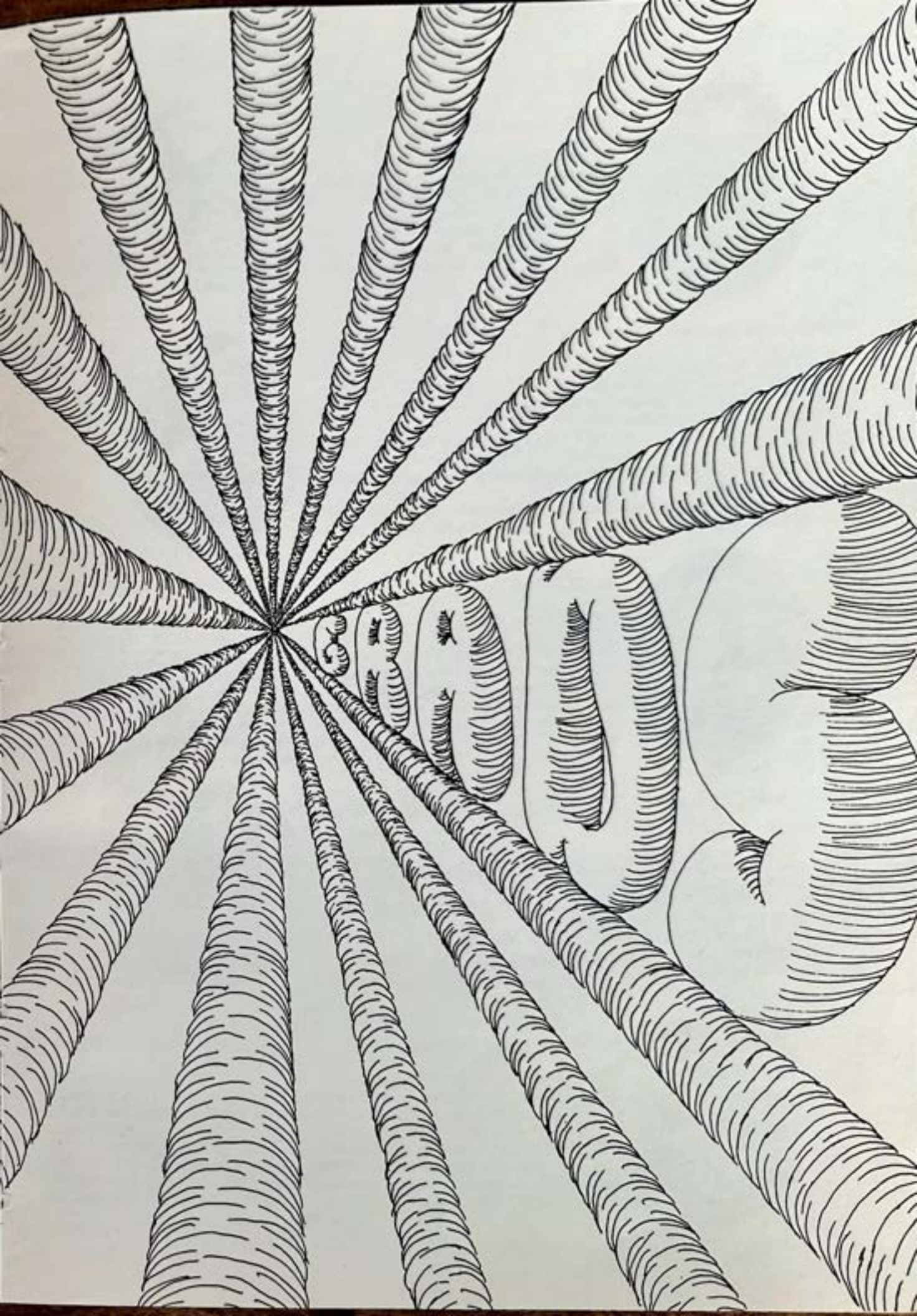


1...2...3..
1...2...3..



Sr. Archambault
has a talent for
raking and entering
the minds of the
unilingual







NAME: Carol Bellringer

NICKNAME: Dingle

AMBITION: Research in agriculture

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Farming Idaho potatoes in P. E. I.

PROTOTYPE: Louis Hébert

ACTIVITIES: Going down to the bank at 2 minutes to 4

CLAIM TO FAME: Voice of a nightingale, Piano fingers of Liberace, Gym legs of a Venezuelan Rubber Plant

NAME: Anita Beniusis

NICKNAME: Scabatha, Nits

AMBITION: Public Relations Girl

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Portry Messenger

PROTOTYPE: Ralph Nader

FAVORITE SAYING: "I can't find my ..." "Does anybody have a ...?"

ACTIVITIES: Brushing her hair upside down, Finding and losing her Functions book

CLAIM TO FAME: The only one in the class having her history notes done on time



NAME: Susi Binder

NICKNAME: Binge

AMBITION: Lawyer

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Becoming the mayor, the sheriff, the deputy sheriff AND the magistrate of Fogo Island, Newfoundland

ACTIVITIES: Mooching food, running to the doctor for a severe case of ANYTHING (i. e. an emergency case of water on the knee, finding out it's growing pains)

CLAIM TO FAME: Having the loudest voice at Sacred Heart

NAME: Maria Blicharska

NICKNAME: Maryisa

AMBITION: A great artist

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Working as a hired painter

PROTOTYPE: Polish Folk Dancer

FAVORITE SAYING: "Sure" (whenever asked to draw cards)

ACTIVITIES: Drawing school cards

CLAIM TO FAME: School artist, and Polish accent

CHERISHED MEMORY: Staying on Saturday to make scenery for "The Mouse that Roared"



NAME: Suzanne Brodeur

NICKNAME: Brador (like the beer)

AMBITION: Kindergarten teacher

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Chief starter at a diaper derby

FAVORITE SAYING: "Oh, FUDGE"

PET PEEVE: Coming in Sunday NIGHT

LIKES: Travelling to other countries, my driver's license

DISLIKES: Food at school (I wonder where...?)

CLEAR MEMORY: July '72

NAME: Maura Burke

NICKNAME: Mor

AMBITION: Bacteriologist

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Searching for germs at McDonald's

ACTIVITIES: Hanging around outside a certain sports shop

CLAIM TO FAME: Using her hands to explain things which are unexplainable by mere words

PET PEEVE: People who dislike spiders

CHERISHED MEMORY: June 22, 1973



NAME: Michelle Butler

NICKNAME: Mitch

AMBITION: To be a train conductor on the 4:10

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Pulling a wagon along the track

CLAIM TO FAME: Baby voice

FAVORITE SAYING: "I don't know"

LIKES: Long weekends, leaving Friday, going to Kennebunk Beach, Maine

DISLIKES: The Loyola boys on the 4:10, having the shortest nails, lending Clare money

NAME: Christine Chénier

NICKNAME: Rep

AMBITION: French teacher

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Teaching French to her husband

PROTOTYPE: The good little girl next door

FAVORITE SAYING: Hurry up and eat fast

LIKES: Food, fun, and the opposite sex

DISLIKES: Getting fat, being sick, and surprise tests

PET PEEVE: Bad-tempered snobs

CLAIM TO FAME: Going outside at 10° below zero



NAME: Rosemary Clarke

NICKNAME: Punk, Rosy

AMBITION: To take over Clarke Transportation

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Truck driver for the company

FAVORITE SAYING: "Wait for me after school"

ACTIVITIES: Running to the Mae West machine, fainting along the way, ending up giving $\frac{1}{2}$ of it to those hungry boarders (Binge)

CLAIM TO FAME: Minced chicken sandwich distributor, chipped tooth, silver bracelets from Florida

NAME: Christine Colban

NICKNAME: Chris

AMBITION: To be the president of I.B.M.

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Running a computer dating service

FAVORITE SAYING: "My God, Madge, I really can't stand it"

ACTIVITIES: Arguing with English teachers, French teachers...

LIKES: Good food, good wine, good men (all found in Italy)

DISLIKES: Unnatural, processed, chemicalized food (wine and men)

CLAIM TO FAME: Creating "FURPLES"





NAME: Barbara Dale

NICKNAME: Venerable Bede
 AMBITION: Psychologist
 PROBABLE DESTINATION: Nun
 PROTOTYPE: Denis Carington (another world - soap opera)
 FAVORITE SAYING: Let's go out
 ACTIVITIES: Seeing S.C. in the morning and being on Cloud 9
 LIKES: School lunches, S.C. and Snails
 CLAIM TO FAME: S.C. and Smoky
 PET PEEVE: Bologna Sandwiches, homework, cigars

NAME: Valerie Darville

NICKNAME: Darville
 PROTOTYPE: Tom Thumb
 FAVORITE SAYING: What, Trudle?
 ACTIVITIES: Filing nails, cleaning nails, painting nails, filing nails.....
 CLAIM TO FAME: Longest nails
 PET PEEVES: People asking how I grow my nails so long



NAME: Isabelle Demers

NICKNAME: Is
 AMBITION: Medical Secretary
 PROBABLE DESTINATION: Marrying Dr. Kiley
 PET PEEVE: Waiting for ... to call
 FAVORITE SAYING: Veux-tu me donner la "sheet" It's louzy
 ACTIVITIES: Washing my face between classes with "dial" soap
 CLAIM TO FAME: My French accent

NAME: Andree Devine

NICKNAME: Andi, Aun
 AMBITION: Social Worker
 PROBABLE DESTINATION: Running a 5¢ psychiatric booth outside the Luskville Hotel
 FAVORITE SAYING: "Oh, Pooh" This is true
 ACTIVITIES: Making tuna fish sandwiches
 PET PEEVE: People putting garbage on her lunch tray
 LIKES: Going to Ottawa
 CLAIM TO FAME: Ability to exist on 3 hours sleep a night
 CHERISHED MEMORY: Easter Weekend 1973



NAME: Annemarie Elvidge

NICKNAME: Ree
 AMBITION: Living
 PROBABLE DESTINATION: Dying
 FAVORITE SAYING: "Do birds fly?..." courtesy of T.H.
 ACTIVITIES: Blue collar worker for Sacred Heart
 PET PEEVE: Slippery oxfords
 CLAIM TO FAME: My wig, having the best smelling cologne
 THOUGHT: "I've brought you a little present," said Pooh excitedly.
 A.A. Milne

NAME: Maureen Fahey

NICKNAME: Mo

AMBITION: To graduate from Sacred Heart '74

PROBABLE DESTINATION: To graduate from Sacred Heart in '84

PROTOTYPE: Mickey Mouse

FAVORITE SAYING: "When is class over"

DISLIKES: Taking the 7:30 train

LIKES: Yogurt, curly hair, and sleeping

CLAIM TO FAME: World's greatest speller

"Keep smiling, teachers love idiots"



NAME: Debbie Farrell

NICKNAME: Deb

AMBITION: Business administrator

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Washing out Justin Trudeau's
diapers

PROTOTYPE: Rhoda on Mary Tyler Moore Show

FAVORITE SAYING: "It's too cold out"

ACTIVITIES: Going to Seaforth's and S.C.'s in A.M.

LIKES: S.T. Pixy

CLAIM TO FAME: Being able to survive school lunches

PET PEEVE: School, homework, school lunches

NAME: Catherine Ferrier

NICKNAME: Ferry-Face, Mousie, Taff

FAVORITE SAYING: "I can't stand it"

ACTIVITIES: Talking into Susi B's toothbrush, pencil or fist;
bugging a certain math teacher

"ONE DAY SHORT PEOPLE WILL RULE THE WORLD" - C.F.

LIKES: Sesame Street, Helena's life savers

DISLIKES: Lima beans



NAME: Clair Fripp

NICKNAME: Puddle

AMBITION: Lawyer

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Wanted criminal

PET PEEVE: Buttons

FAVORITE EXPRESSION: "You silly moo"

CLAIM TO FAME: Curly wurly bars

CHERISHED MEMORY: August 16, 1973

NAME: Anna Mae Goodleaf

NICKNAME: Chief

PROTOTYPE: A snowflake

AMBITION: Detective

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Famous snowflake disguise being
discovered

ACTIVITIES: Driving a green "corvette" around school, Seaforth
bum





NAME: Patricia Halleron

NICKNAME: Trish

AMBITION: Botanist in the far North

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Trying to grow an orange tree in the far North

PROTOTYPE: She is unique

FAVORITE SAYING: "I can't wait to go home"

ACTIVITIES: Escaping right on time to catch a bus

PET PEEVE: People who chomp gum

LIKES: Weekends, holidays, hiking weekends, spice cakes and weekends

DISLIKES: Sunday nights

NAME: Lisa Hanlon

NICKNAME: "Bozo", "T.W."

AMBITION: Airline stewardess

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Flying high

FAVORITE SAYING: "It's your trip"

CLAIM TO FAME: Rubber face

PET PEEVES: Mary's complaining, Bessy breaking down



NAME: Niamh Hennesy

NICKNAME: Nime

AMBITION: To learn to speak French

PROTOTYPE: Sleepy of the Seven Dwarfs

PET PEEVE: Being asked to pronounce my name

LIKES: Sleeping, weekends, food, camping

DISLIKES: History, snow, shoelaces that never stay tied

NAME: Sabina Kulcznski

AMBITION: Kindergarten teacher

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Learning the alphabet

FAVORITE SAYING: "You stupid twirp" "Do you want to come to the hockey game?"

LIKES: P.B. P.L. hockey and private jokes with Heather

CHERISHED MEMORY: July 4, 1973

"I keep laughing and if it hurts inside sometimes, that's life"



NAME: Mary Laframboise

NICKNAME: "Gertie"

AMBITION: Lawyer

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Sharpening pencils for Mrs. Vezeau

PROTOTYPE: St. Bernard "George"

FAVORITE SAYING: "Come on, I want to go out for a ..."

ACTIVITIES: Putting this Book together, eating morning rolls at Seaforth

CLAIM TO FAME: Bloodshot eyes

NAME: Andrea L'Appell

NICKNAME: Ralph
LIKES: England, pubs
PET PEEVE: R.R. chairs
FAVORITE SAYING: "Dammit!"
CLAIM TO FAME: English accent



NAME: Suzanne Leduc

NICKNAME: Duck, Luke
AMBITION: President of Health and Sanitation Dept. Que.
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Washroom attendant at Windsor Station
PROTOTYPE: Penelope Pittstop
ACTIVITIES: Playing hopscotch in halls with Leslie between classes
PET PEEVE: Being told she's blushing when she's not, then blushing because she's told she is
CLAIM TO FAME: Her blushing
WEAKNESS: Dimples and Jo juice



NAME: Helena Luciani

NICKNAME: Hel, Heleny
AMBITION: A mine manager at Asbestos mill
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Heaven knows!
FAVORITE SAYING: "I was going to tell you something but I forgot!"
LIKES: Spaghetti
DISLIKES: Having Cathy eat all her lifesavers



NAME: Wendy Maltby

NICKNAME: "Moppy"
AMBITION: Social Worker
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Being in the unemployment line
PROTOTYPE: "Barbie"
FAVORITE SAYING: "I can't wait 'till Friday"
LIKES: Weekends, meeting people, summer, swimming
DISLIKES: Monday morning, rich snobby people



NAME: Clare Massicotte

NICKNAME: Mare
AMBITION: Nurse
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Candy Striper
PROTOTYPE: Ernie on Sesame Street
FAVORITE SAYING: "He's SO good-looking!"
ACTIVITIES: Tripping Mitch
LIKES: Summers in Spain, college boys on the 4:10
DISLIKES: Cold days, paying 35¢ on bus





NAME: Marie Michon

NICKNAME: Mary

AMBITION: Kindergarten teacher

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Professional baby-sitter

PET PEEVE: Being called MA - REE

FAVORITE SAYING: "Oh Friggit"

COMMENTS: "When I think of all the crap I learned in High School, I wonder how I can think at all"

NAME: Anne Normandin

NICKNAME: Annie

AMBITION: Doctor

PROBABLE DESTINATION: A janitor in a hospital

PET PEEVE: Homework, pimples, short pants

FAVORITE SAYING: "Anyway...."

ACTIVITIES: Walking downtown and

LIKES: Beards, holidays



NAME: Elizabeth Parker

NICKNAME: Lippp or Lizzard

AMBITION: Doctor

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Taking care of sick cod fish

PET PEEVE: Told she has fluorescent orange hair

FAVORITE SAYING: "Ah....that's a sin!"

ACTIVITIES: Running to cleaners twice weekly, P.O. once a week and Seaforth on time off

LIKES: Heartthrob comics

NAME: Debbie Powers

NICKNAME: Debbs

AMBITION: Mathematician

PROBABLE DESTINATION: A second Miss Joy, measuring angles on ski hills

PROTOTYPE: A ski bum

FAVORITE SAYING: Can't wait till Friday and it's only Monday

ACTIVITIES: Skiing, swimming and climbing stairs (107)



NAME: Diane Richard

NICKNAME: "Di"

AMBITION: Astrologer

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Writing slogans for fortune cookies

FAVORITE SAYING: "Freaky", "more or less"

LIKES: Learning English

DISLIKES: Making mistakes

CHERISHED MEMORY: May 26, 1972

NAME: Maureen Rodrigues

NICKNAME: Podro García el Lardo

AMBITION: To become a Veterinarian

PROBABLE DESTINATION: A night cleaning lady in Animal Hospital

PROTOTYPE: Bandito

FAVORITE SAYING: "Will you get your Gluteno Maximus over here"

CHERISHED MEMORY: August 1972

LIKES: Big bird, horseback riding, pizza, guys and jeans

CLAIM TO FAME: Her loud laugh, letting the world know she's happy



NAME: Michelle Rogers

NICKNAME: Rog (pronounced ROJ)

AMBITION: Lab technician

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Playing Mr. Hyde off Broadway

PROTOTYPE: Big Ethel

ACTIVITIES: Trying to be cheerful in Geography class

PET PEEVE: Awakened by Sue at 9:00 A.M. on Saturdays

CHERISHED MEMORY: July 8-15, 1973

CLAIM TO FAME: Milky Kraft Dinner

LIKES: Sue's brownies, crunchy apples, Big Mac's

DISLIKES: Spiders

NAME: Heather Scott

AMBITION: Teaching mentally retarded children

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Committed to Douglas Hospital

FAVORITE SAYING: "I don't understand... but..."

COMMENTS: Everybody says we should love one another

And that we should start right now

But they don't say how, no they don't say how

Reach out your hand, talk to your neighbor

Wipe the tears from his eyes

At least we can try, Oh! we have to try



NAME: Leslie Skelton

NICKNAME: Skelly

ULTIMATE GOAL: For the freckles on my arm to attach

PET PEEVE: Getting up in morning, Yeah... that sounds good

PROTOTYPE: Peppermint Patty

FAVORITE SAYING: "Susi, do you think you'll live?"

ACTIVITIES: Organizing school sports, tripping Sue as she walks down the hall

CLAIM TO FAME: The world's biggest mouth

COMMENT: For a friend there's no tomorrow

NAME: Sophia Skiadas

AMBITION: Doctor for injured athletes

PROBABLE DESTINATION: Getting Athlete's Foot

FAVORITE SAYING: "Never to excel"

PROTOTYPE: Speedy Gonzales

LIKES: Being on time, pole vaulting, black shiny oxfords and detuning pianos

CLAIM TO FAME: The only person with enough energy to erase the boards after school





NAME: Youko Tatsumi

NICKNAME: Yo-Yo
AMBITION: Nurse
PROTOTYPE: Piglet
FAVORITE SAYING: "Can I untie your shoelaces?"
ACTIVITIES: Swimming, untying shoelaces
LIKES: Candies (I'm a sweet tooth!)
PET PEEVE: Double knotted shoelaces
CLAIM TO FAME: Never talks loud enough on phone
CHERISHED MEMORY: June 1972

NAME: Sue Treleaven

NICKNAME: Trever, Sammy
AMBITION: Veterinarian
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Chasing field mice through Westmount Park
PROTOTYPE: Thumper
FAVORITE SAYING: "Wait! Okay tell me..no don't..Oh no!"
PET PEEVE: Sleeping in a sandy bed
CLAIM TO FAME: Her Brownies - only girl who cries at something funny



NAME: Kathy Trudel

NICKNAME: Trudle
PROTOTYPE: Evil Caneevil
FAVORITE SAYING: "Hey Darville! Did I tell you.."
ACTIVITIES: You name it, I do it
CLAIM TO FAME: Slowest eater in the world
PET PEEVE: A certain V.D. asking Math questions
LIKES: Climbing mountains
DISLIKES: Braces

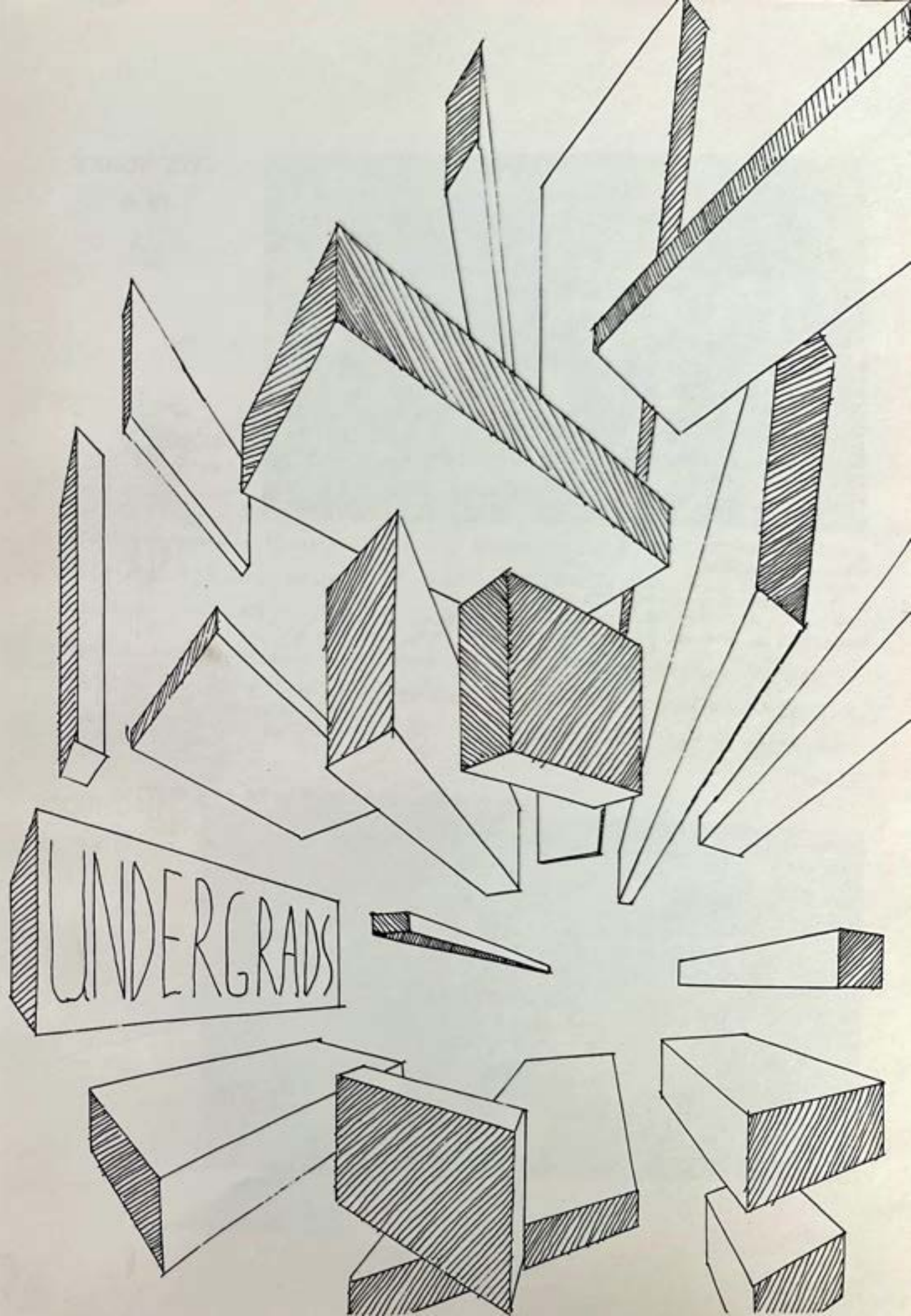
NAME: Maureen Wilson

NICKNAME: Moe
AMBITION: Nuclear scientist
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Blowing herself up
PROTOTYPE: Albert Einstein
ACTIVITIES: Trying to get to school 10 minutes after the Pres.
PET PEEVES: Greasy convent food, labs that don't work
CLAIM TO FAME: The last and best of the Wilson's



NAME: Holly Workman

NICKNAME: Ernestine, Dips
AMBITION: Physiotherapist
PROBABLE DESTINATION: Working in Eaton's basement
PROTOTYPE: My sister Tara
FAVORITE SAYING: "No, really! It's true!"
ACTIVITIES: 3:15 rush to Seaforth
PET PEEVE: Being called Tara
CLAIM TO FAME: Supper
Today is the first day of the rest of your life



SECONDARY 1V A

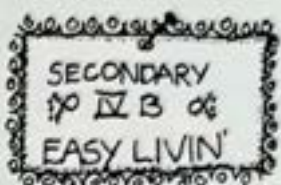


BOTTOM ROW: L. Wadland, S. Cuthbertson, D. Ewart, G. Klerans, A. Welsch, A. Hudson, E. Wilson, B. Balfour.
MIDDLE ROW: L. Schipper, K. Hill, C. Geoffrion, P. Malouf, D. Tardi, S. Vincelli, S. Leclair, G. Grolimond, J. Bonneville, P. Shibata.
TOP ROW: E. Cleary, M. Keefer, L. McKeown, M. L. Novotny, M. Connolly, M. Madigan, E. MacIntosh, S. Johnson, G. Hoffman, K. Kost.

THERE IS NOTHING WE WOULDN'T DO FOR EACH OTHER!
WE SPEND OUR LIVES DOING NOTHING FOR EACH OTHER.



IV A PRISCILLA SHIBATA



TS

TOP ROW: L. Prophete, M. MacIsaac, A. De Rome, L. Pompa, K. Gutkowski, T. Barnard, K. Hannon, T. Blicharska.
 MIDDLE ROW: L. Davis, E. Everard, C. MacAuley, T. Quantz, J. Boisseau, N. Bloomberg, L. Lareau, D. Pope, B. Hanley, M. Milne.
 BOTTOM ROW: L. March, C. Charland, E. Orel, C. Gil Esteban, A. Gradek, M. McCracken, E. Workman, J. Conner.
 ABSENT: D. De Waltoff.

SECONDARY 1V B



SECONDARY 111 A



BOTTOM ROW: C. Mizgala, B. Schultz, P. Boivin, J. Vatrano, A. Landry, C. Girelli, L. Parker, C. Larocque.
MIDDLE ROW: M.H. Nguyenthi, W. O'Donnell, W. Wanner, B. Hellman, J. Kearns, T. Vaupshas, K. Potter, S. Dean.
TOP ROW: L. Davin, G. Prive, M. Lincourt, C. Fagan, S. MacCready, S. Hadden, D. Binette, J. Neal.
ABSENT: N. Fortier.





In between classes in room 4-3b

TOP ROW: M. Thompson, L. Bonneville, B. Membride, A. Turner, R.L. Lovell, S. MacLeod, A. Hamilton, T. Riley.

MIDDLE ROW: C. Savard, D. Soroka, A. Petersen, J. Spooner, K. Ochman, B. Trueman, H. Normandin, E. Deacon, B. Politi, M. Holloway.

BOTTOM ROW: C. Letourneau, J. Markham, L. Demers, C. Brown, H. Stiefenhofer, L. Dumais, M. Nyitrai, K. Finlay.

SECONDARY

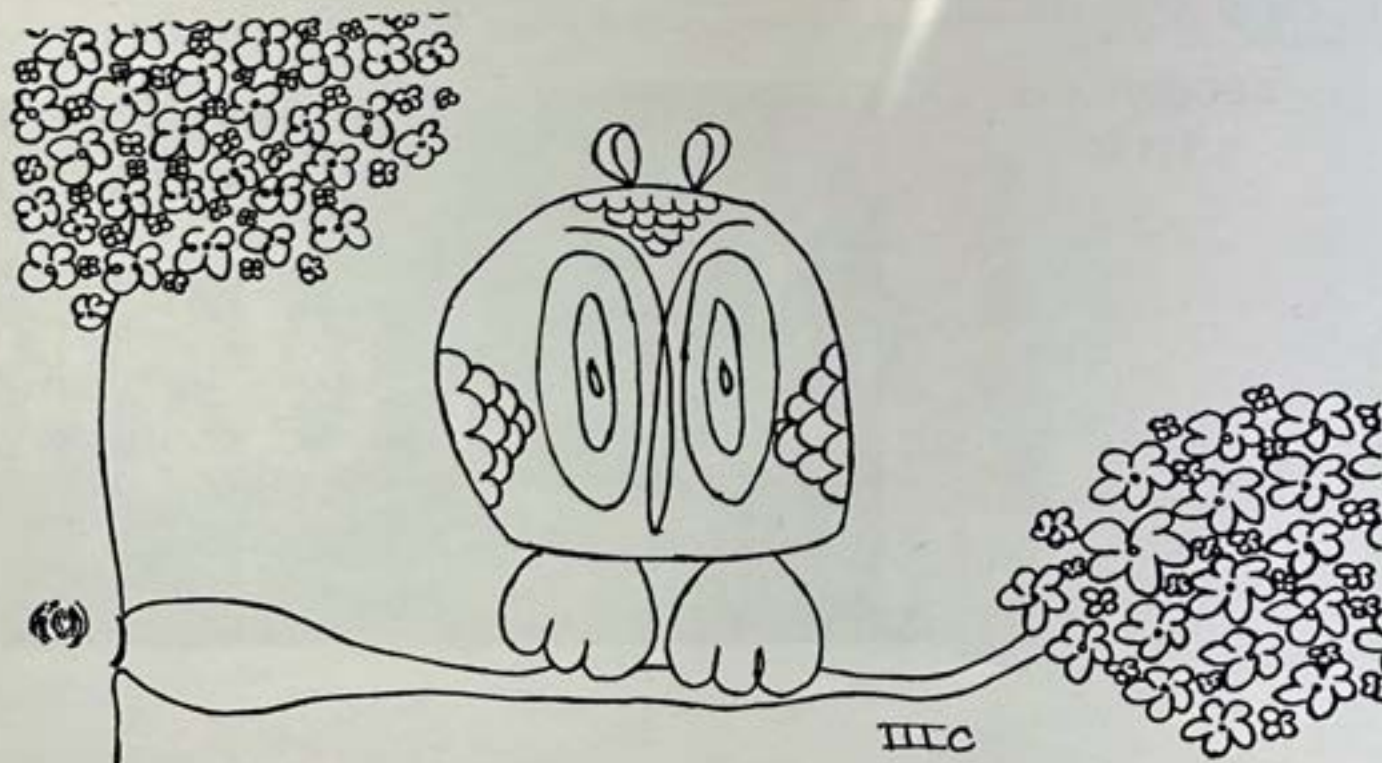
111 B



SECONDARY 111 C



BOTTOM ROW: K. Whitehead, G. Gauthier, L. Cormier, M. Kumazawa, G. Trudel, E. Redler, J. Blais, T. Pansieri.
MIDDLE ROW: S. Gravel, S. Larocque, K. Schissler, N. Chénier, A. Akow, M. Everard, L. A. Burton, M. Bucci.
TOP ROW: C. Dobbrow, L. Spénard, J. Paff, S. MacLeod, F. Trent, D. Kishfy, S. Masson, E. Coronetopoulos.
ABSENT: L. MacDonald.





TOP ROW: T. DeBarbieri, C. Rinaldi, B. Perreault, J. MacKinnon, L. Kirkpatrick, J. Polud, B. McNally, L. Sokalski, H. Langevin.
 MIDDLE ROW: C. LeGrove, S. Ford, M. Rizzuto, D. Marcoux, M. Nadeau, K. O'Connor, D. Vanier, M. Morson, D. Ladanyi.
 BOTTOM ROW: D. Fagan, M. Bonardelli, J. Donolo, L. Thomas, C. Rossy, J. Asswad, C. Reid, A. Remillard.

SECONDARY 11 A



SECONDARY 11 B



BOTTOM ROW: C. Couture, C. Martin, D. Wolf, M. Almond, V. Dambrine, S. Kayem, L. Vatrano, S. Hall.
 MIDDLE ROW: A. Schweykowsky, K. Fitz-Randolph, E. Sequeira, N. Wallace, J. Chase-Dunn, R. Short, N. Lapointe, P. Lynch, T. Jenkins.
 TOP ROW: J. Beaudoin, H. Mooney, D. Cuthbertson, M. LeBlanc, F. Bagdoo, V. Seixas, S. Cooney.
 ABSENT: C. Baril, L. Johnson.



We owe a
 lot to our
 teachers and we
 mean to pay them
 back someday
 S.B. Leacock



*Beginning of
the hard times
in secondary IIc*

TOP ROW: M. MacAuley, C. Tinmouth, S. Fisch, L. Turner, P. Power, D. Pellán, M. Stennett, R. Noble.

MIDDLE ROW: J. Prescesky, S. Tseretzoulis, K. Fitzgerald, C. Bookless, L. MacDonald, S. Nucci, S. Zilahi, V. Sergianidis.

BOTTOM ROW: L. Campbell, N. Ozkan, J. Purkayastha, M. Beauregard, M. Clermont, S. Medwick, D. Vincelli, L. St. Pierre.

ABSENT: L. Farrell.

SECONDARY

11 C



SECONDARY 1 A



BOTTOM ROW: L. Campbell, L. Mizgala, D. Fagan, A. Rouleau, W. Trudel, C. Diamond, K. Taylor, E. Boudreau.
 MIDDLE ROW: A. Letourneau, N. Dufresne, F. Elvidge, M. Keating, B. Hemens, S. Pettinicchi, D. Stephan, M. Timmins, B. Karwowski.
 TOP ROW: T. Cornish, L. Guilbert, N. Locas, C. Alepin, M. Rizzuto, S. Kearns, B. Scullion, R. Vaupshas, J. Klucinskas.



1A



THERE IS NO CLASS
MORE BUSY THAN IB
HOW COULD THERE BE
WE'RE BUSIER THAN BEES!



A.T.

TOP ROW: F.A. Turgeon, L. Carrier, J. Stennett, L. Duggan, L. Hurteau, D. Difruscia, K. Wilson, M. O'Connor.

MIDDLE ROW: D.L. Dagenais, L. Tetrault, H. Hamel, M. Rourke, R. Cuthbertson, L. Roy, C. Lauzon, G. Pompeo, J. Foley, T. Goodleaf, J. Klodniski.

BOTTOM ROW: M. Genest, B. Iredale, A. Medwick, A.M. Bonneville, M. Robinson, I. Pivnicki, S. Noble, M. Vaughan.

SECONDARY

1 B



SECONDARY 1C



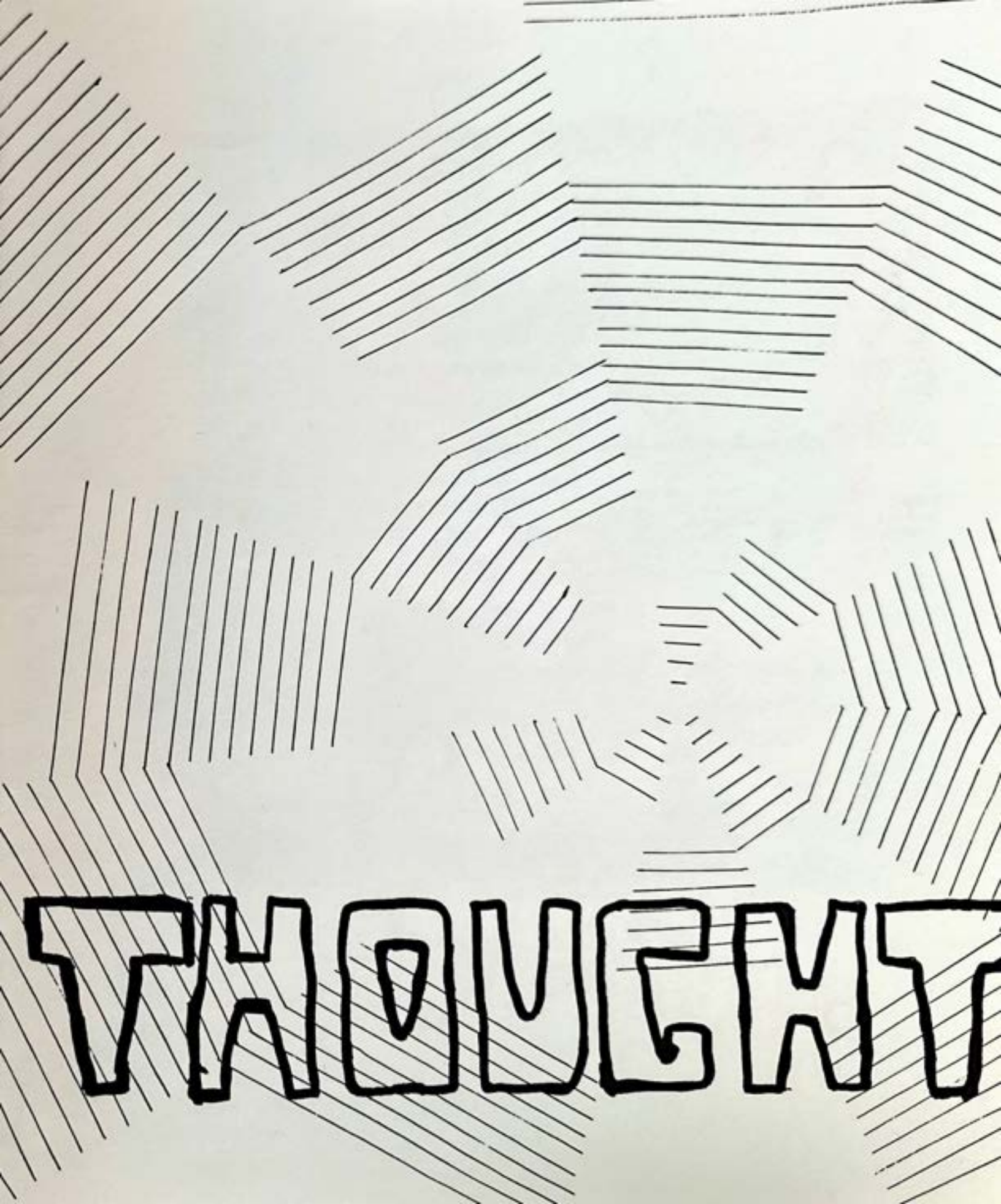
BOTTOM ROW: R. Pope, A.M. Hébert, L. MacKinnon, J. Tyler, C. Gerber, L. Gatto, M. Semeniuk, A. Von Schroeter.

MIDDLE ROW: E. David, D. Haynes, F. Petersen, S. Drummond, K. Archambault, C. Bagdoo, A. Vidulich, L. McElligott, S. Roman, J. Mergler, L. Arguin.

TOP ROW: C. Farha, E. Stokes, M. Larocque, J. Thompson, K. Jerabek, A. Ruta, S. Paquin.

"I say hello from all
the IC's and although
we're not "Bees", we're
real cool cats"





THOUGHT

"BECAUSE - AND YOU ASKED"

It's days like these that make me think - Why?

And I wonder and wonder from yesterday till
tomorrow which never comes - Why?

I'll be walking along Sherbrooke and I'll
stop in the middle of the sidewalk - Why?

It's very confusing if you use your fingers
on which to count in Math and you're up to
173 and you stop - again Why?

Sometimes, I think I'll die and you make
it all better but - Why?

Why?.....Why?.....Why?

Why?.....Why?.....Why?

Well.....because that's Why.

Priscilla Shibata

"THE SEAS OF NEWFOUNDLAND"

Many things contrast, but nothing is so amazing as the seas of Newfoundland. They could be smooth like glass, then, before you realize it, that calm ocean is raging and ferocious.

Settled waters are beautiful. They glisten, shine and sparkle below the sinking sun. The seagulls soar swiftly, far above in the heavens, admiring their sprawling wings and great beauty in the reflecting mirror of the vast ocean below.

Suddenly, a wind approaches, the water ripples,

it sways

it rocks

it jumps

it leaps



Those massive waves plunge high into the air, pounding upon the beach with force, as if to throw themselves upon their foe. With their tremendous strength they drag sand, pebbles, rocks and boulders to sea. There they go, captured into the arms of the enemy, there they go, sinking into the great depths.

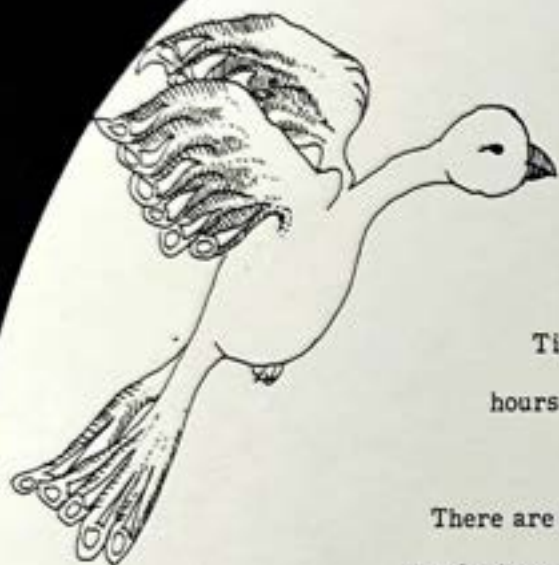
But the seagulls above no longer soar swiftly instead they fly with speed to find a perch on a protective mountainside.

Time passes, those waves plunge, they leap, they rock, they sway, they ripple
Ah, calm waters are so beautiful.

Louise Parker

III A

Winner of First Prize in Yearbook Literary Contest



Time flies;

hours weeks

days years

There are bonds between ourselves and time
bonds that grow stronger as the bird
of time climbs higher
let us soar under her wing for truly we
are the feathers of time
and a bird cannot fly without her feathers

Maura Burke



"MISSION IMPOSSIBLE"

One of the most daring experiences in boarding-school life is definitely kitchen raiding. It all begins when a slightly pudgy friend is starving, "dying from malnutrition" as she puts it, and needs something more substantial than a fattening chocolate bar. A group of extra daring females descend the staircase followed by a cascade of laughter, echoing in the darkness. With pounding hearts, they slowly inch their way to the source of energy - the reason for their existence ... FOOD

Sighs of relief are heard as they enter the kitchen. Flushed faces are illuminated by the weak refrigerator light. Suppressed giggles and slow breathing are the only sounds to be heard. After gathering their illegally acquired goods, they noisily creep their way to anticipated ... SAFETY



A voice from behind spontaneously determines their emotions, no doubt a person with the same intentions as they but backed by the law. With shameful faces they replace the results of their combined efforts and depart in sheer agony. Yes, girls, that gnawing feeling in the depths of your stomach must be ignored, for crime does not ... PAY

Susi Binder
V A

"THE NEW DAY"

The sky was dark, for it was night
The world was waiting for the light.

At dawn the sun would come again
Across peaked mountains and flat plain.

The animals would move around
The plants would grow up from the ground.

It comes! The morn is here at last!
The long dark night has finally past!

The grass is covered with the dew
The whole world seems so fresh and new.

Throughout the day the animals roam
Until the sunset calls them home.

The birds have flown back to their nests
All creatures cease work, they take their rest.

And so again in sleep they lay
Awaiting the coming brand-new day.

Sheila Roman
I C

Winner of Second Prize in Yearbook Literary Contest



WHO KILLED BROTHER BIRD?

His body was quite terrible,
And squashed so very flat.
He was left out on the door steps
For ants and things like that.
His blood was flowing freely, and
His guts were hanging out,
His wings were twisted up, and
He was dead without a doubt.

Yet it was just a little while
Since he'd flown through the door.
He'd done some twists and loops
And made a dive down to the floor.
He had done a follow-through
And was a-climbing once again,
When a great big hairy monster
Hit him whap! across the brain.

He had struggled to get free, but
He was pinned down by sharp claws,
And was quickly knocked unconscious
By a pair of hairy paws.
Came the last few painful seconds
And as soon as they occurred,
A cry rose very swiftly, it was
"Who killed Brother Bird?"

The culprit was found quickly
In the feathers where he sat.
The great big hairy monster was
Of course, the tabby cat!

Fiona Trent
III C

Up the silent staircase to a prayer
Way lit by a flickering candle's death

And at the top
A moment's hesitation
A moment's meditation
A micro second, or eternity?

Down again
Way lit not by flickers
But by a steady glowing flame

Barbara Dale
V A

"LILIES OF THE VALLEYS"

Lilies of the valleys
Bow their pretty heads
When I look upon them
In their flower beds

They are special to me
But why are they? you say
Because I share their birthday
In the month of May

Cathy Larocque
III A

"ONLY FOR YESTERDAY"

The light of ages hung in her eyes
A lantern glowing in the withered silent face
She was old and gray
She lived only for yesterday

With feeble roots she clung to the arid soil of life
Bereft of happiness she lived for the past
But yesterday became today
And today became yesterday

And she no longer cared
The old oak fell and the earth cried
And wept as for a child

Moragh Macauley





"A PUPIL'S TOUGH LIFE

I'd like to be a teacher
For they are always cross
They like to scream and holler
To make you think they're boss.

They load you up with homework
To give you lots of pain
And then they send you nasty notes
To say you have no brain.

You must run up and down the stairs
And be treated just like goats
For if you don't agree with this
They'll always take your notes.

And so to you, dear teacher,
I dedicate this poem
In hopes you'll scream and holler
And maybe send me home.

Maureen Keating
I A

Winner of Third Prize in Yearbook Literary Contest

" 'Twas the Night of the Grad Dance "

'Twas the night of the Grad dance and all through the house
Every creature was screaming with wide open mouths.
The stockings were hung by the heater with care,
In hopes that the water would not stay in there.
The curlers were hanging by pins from my head,
While a medley of makeup was spread on the bed.

And me in my jeans with a shirt on my back,
Had just finished applying the final mud pack.
When down in the kitchen there rose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bath to see what was the matter!
Away down the staircase I flew in a rush
To see who was making this miserable fuss.

The pins in the hem of my new-made Grad dress
Gave me the idea to do what was best.
Still needed removing, good grief, what a mess!
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a needle-skilled sister complete with her gear.
With a gleam in her eye that was surely demanding
I knew in a moment where I should be standing.

Off with the jeans and on with the dress
The hem was no longer to stay in a mess.
With the flash of a needle the hem was all threaded
So off to the bathroom was where I was headed.
Picking up beauty aids as I shouted "this way"
Mascara, eyeshadow, eyebrow tweezers, camay.

My eyes, how they twinkled
My dimples, how merry
My cheeks were like roses
My lips like a cherry.

My shimmering hair was done up in cute curls
While encircling my neck was a string of white pearls.
I sat like a lady to keep my hair neat
And when the bell rang then I sprang to my feet.
Around in my stomach the butterflies flew
And I knew in a moment that tears would come too.

I glanced through the door and discovered with pain
The heavens had started to sputter with rain.
But I made it there safely and now make it plain
I never will go to a Grad dance again.

Maureen Wilson
V A

UNA PERSONA FAMOSA

Uno de mis actores favoritos es Joel Grey. No sé mucho acerca de este actor, pero me gustó mucho, especialmente en la película "Cabaret" en que actuaba con Liza Minelli. Todos dijeron que Liza Minelli era muy buena en esta película pero yo creo que Joel Grey era mejor que ella en muchas partes.

Joel Grey no es sólo un actor sino también un buen bailar. En la escena de la famosa canción "Money", él era magnífico. He visto esta película dos veces y quiero verla otra vez, si puedo.

Pero mi sueño sería de ver a Joel Grey en persona. Aparte de verlo en películas, lo ví también en programas de televisión y allí era tan bueno como en las películas.

Joel Grey no es hermoso sino muy atractivo. Sería interesante ver como es verdaderamente. Los otros actores me parecen estúpidos porque creo que sólo tiene dos cosas en su mente: el dinero y la fama. Quizás no puedo decir eso porque no los conozco en verdad y quisiera saber como son.

Maria Blicharska Sec. V

EL DIA DE LA GRADUACION

Es viernes el tres de mayo, y es un gran día en la vida de las estudiantes de la escuela "Sacred Heart". Es el día del baile de la graduación. Todas las chicas están muy nerviosas y alegres. Todas hablan del color de sus vestidos y de las fiestas que habra después del baile.

Cuando toca el timbre, las chicas van en seguida a sus casas para prepararse para la gran noche. Pasan la tarde tomando banos, arreglando sus cabellos y organizando todo para el baile.

A las seis de la noche están casi listas. Los timbres tocan por todas partes en Montréal y llegan los novios. Hay muchas fiestas antes del baile. Unos jóvenes van a las fiestas para comer la cena y otros para beber champaña. Cuando llegan las ocho y media, todos entran en los coches y van al hotel donde tiene lugar el baile.

El salón del baile es muy grande, todo iluminado y lleno de lindas personas. Las muchachas son muy lindas con sus vestidos largos y sus flores. En algunas partes del cuarto hay grupos de padres que vinieron para organizar el baile. Toda la gente está llena de alegría.

Es una noche fantástica y todos bailan mucho. A las dos de la mañana no hay casi nadie en el hotel. Todos han salido para ir a otras fiestas. Los padres vuelven a sus casas y, por la mañana, después del desayuno, los chicos y las chicas regresan también para dormir.

Sally Cuthbertson Sec. IV A

RAFAEL, EL NUEVO INMIGRANTE

Rafael vive en Montreal, en el centro. Le fue muy difícil encontrar un apartamento que no sea demasiado caro. Hace cinco días que está allí, pero aun no tiene trabajo. Hoy va a visitar una fábrica de coches y hablar al jefe para ver si puede obtener un empleo en la construcción de estos coches, porque ha estudiado mecánica un poco.

Toma el autobús y el metro, y llega por fin a la fábrica. No tiene mucho dinero, tiene mucha hambre y espera mucho ser aceptado. Una muchacha bonita le muestra el trabajo y le guía hacia la oficina del jefe. Es un hombre muy serio, delgado y que parece muy ocupado con todos sus papeles. Rafael anda lentamente y espera hasta que el jefe le hable. Finalmente el jefe le dice que no tiene mucho tiempo y le pregunta lo que es capaz de hacer. Rafael, que no tiene mucho coraje, explica rápidamente su educación, pero no habla bien inglés. Cuando termina, el jefe le mira y le dice que tiene un empleo para él. Rafael está muy contento porque va a tener bastante dinero para vivir aunque el trabajo sea un poco largo y difícil. No le importa. Sale de la oficina, come muy bien y piensa en el trabajo que va a empezar a la mañana siguiente. Su vida le parece mejor ahora.

Andrea De Rome Sec. IV B

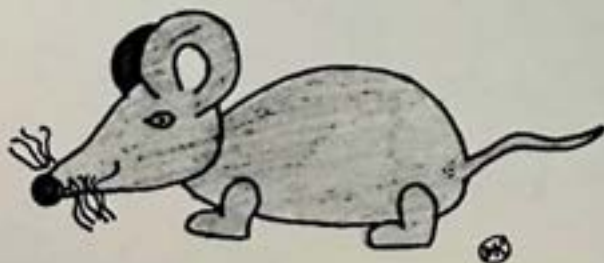
Mon histoire.

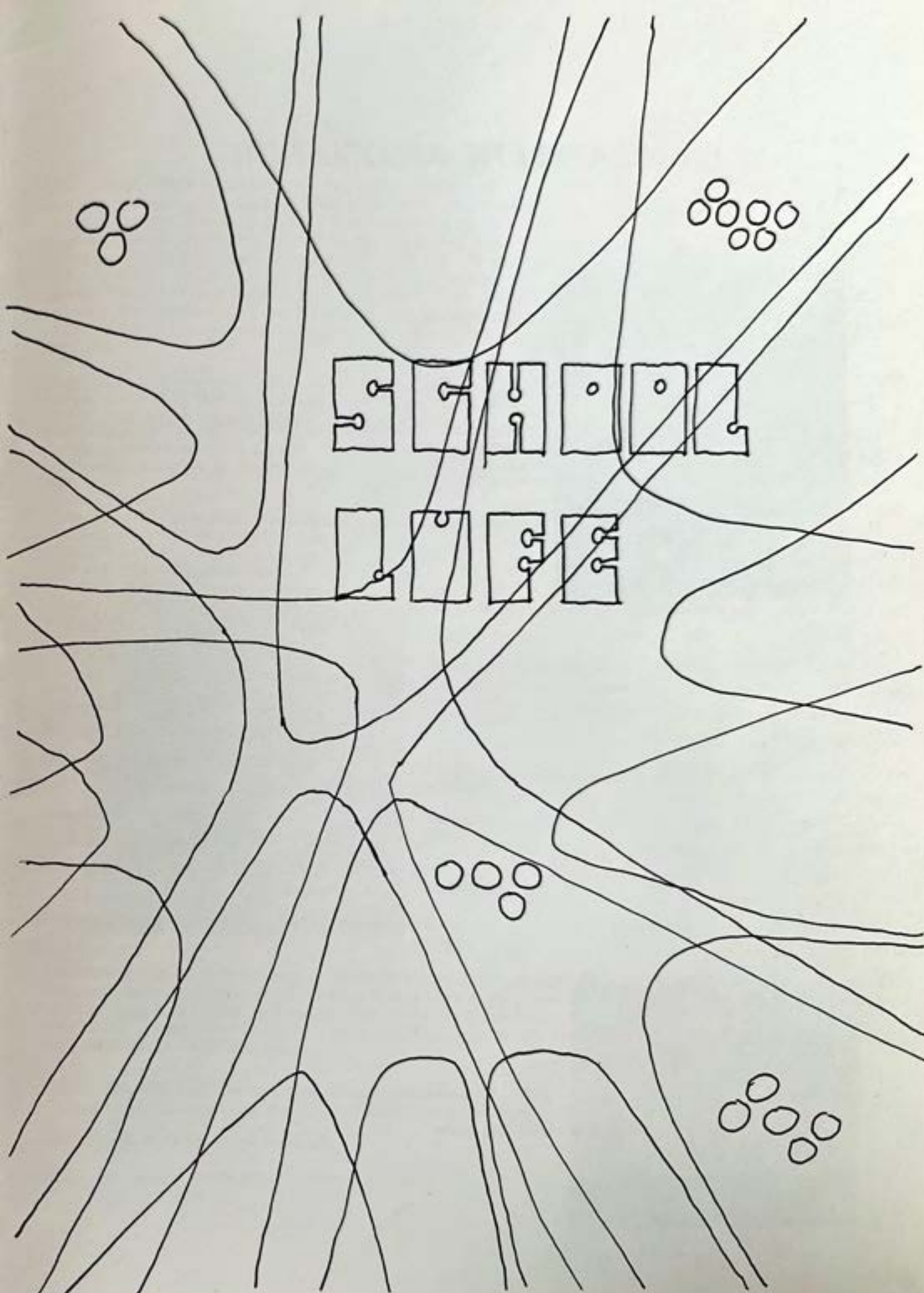
Bonjour! Je m'appelle Coco! Je suis une petite souris toute grise et très heureuse maintenant. Mais ce que j'ai pu avoir de jours durs... Je vais vous raconter ma petite histoire car je crois que ça en vaut la peine.

Il y a quelques semaines je vivais paisiblement dans une grande maison. J'étais toute dodue, je vivais des miettes de la table d'une vieille dame et ce qu'elle pouvait en laisser tomber par terre de bonnes choses! Au début de mon séjour dans cette maison, je faisais bien attention de ne pas être découverte. Cependant la dame était si âgée et l'atmosphère si paisible que j'en vins à être très imprudente. Je sortais de mon trou aussi bien la nuit que le jour et ce qui devait arriver arriva. La vieille dame m'a aperçue. Elle prit un balai et me chassa à grands coups. J'ai bien failli y laisser la vie. C'est un vrai miracle si je suis ici aujourd'hui. Je crois bien que mon nouveau logis est supérieur à l'ancien mais j'ai eu tellement de peine à le trouver. J'ai trottiné pendant des heures à travers les champs, j'avais si peur que je criais à chaque pas et mes pattes me faisaient si mal que j'ai souvent été obligée d'arrêter. Quand je ne courais pas, j'entendais toutes sortes de bruits qui m'effrayaient tellement que j'oubliais mes petites pattes endolories pour repartir encore plus vite qu'avant.

Après des heures d'une course folle quand j'étais certaine que ma dernière heure était venue, j'ai vu une petite lumière au loin. Ça m'a redonné le courage de prendre mes petites pattes à mon cou pour un dernier effort. J'arrive et j'essaie de trouver un trou pour me faufiler à l'intérieur mais impossible, la maison est trop bien entretenue. Il faut que j'attende au petit matin. Je ne dors pas de la nuit. Vous comprenez, être si près d'un bon foyer et ne pouvoir y pénétrer, ce n'est pas drôle! Ce qui me consola pendant ces longues heures, ce fut d'observer tout ce que je pouvais voir. Le monsieur et la dame ont chacun un gros bedon, ils rient beaucoup et ils chantent. Ils sont réellement gais et ce qu'ils peuvent manger! Tôt le matin, on bouge dans la maison. Je sens l'odeur du tabac et du déjeuner qu'on prépare. Je suis tellement occupée à humer ces bonnes odeurs que je n'ai pas le temps de me faufiler par la porte quand l'homme l'ouvre pour aller chercher de l'eau dans le puits. Je guette son retour près du paillason devant la porte d'entrée. Quand il revient et ouvre la porte, je file à l'intérieur comme un éclair, je ne respire plus, je ne bouge plus. J'épie tous les coins et : après de longues minutes je connais mon nouveau logis. Je vois que le couple est occupé à manger alors tout doucement, je vais me cacher. Je ne suis plus imprudente, j'attends pour mon propre repas, j'ai l'estomac vide mais je suis heureuse je suis certaine d'avoir un bon repas tout à l'heure. Tout se passe comme je l'avais imaginé. Je mange, je dors, j'écoute. En un mot, je me la coule douce et la vie est belle encore une fois.

Carole Couture
Secondaire II





GIRLS' ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



They don't claim to be the "Expos" but trying can never hurt!

Hey Man! What happened to the ball?



Mrs. Watson doesn't know that she's been trying to teach jazz dancing to twenty-four flat-footed girl-ellas! But now she knows.

G.A.A.

The Girls' Athletic Association began the school year equipped with many new facilities which were generously donated by the Mothers' Guild. The students wish to express their gratitude to the Mothers' Guild for their donation to the Physical Education Department. It was used by Mrs. Watson to set up badminton and tennis courts for class and after-school activities. The whole school, and particularly the boarders, are indebted to Mrs. Watson for her part in the creation of our new facilities.

This year the Physical Education Department began a new method in the selection of G.A.A. reps. In past years they were simply picked by the Physical Education teachers to fill the various positions. This year they were elected by the student body.

This year's President was Leslie Skelton who was assisted by her Vice-President Suzanne Leduc, and Secretary-Treasurer Daniele Binette, and of course their advisor was our own Mrs. Watson.

Another advance in the organization of our Physical Education Department was the introduction of the House System. There are four houses, Blue, Grey, Red and White, each House with its own head elected from Secondary V and sub-heads from Secondary IV. They are as follows:

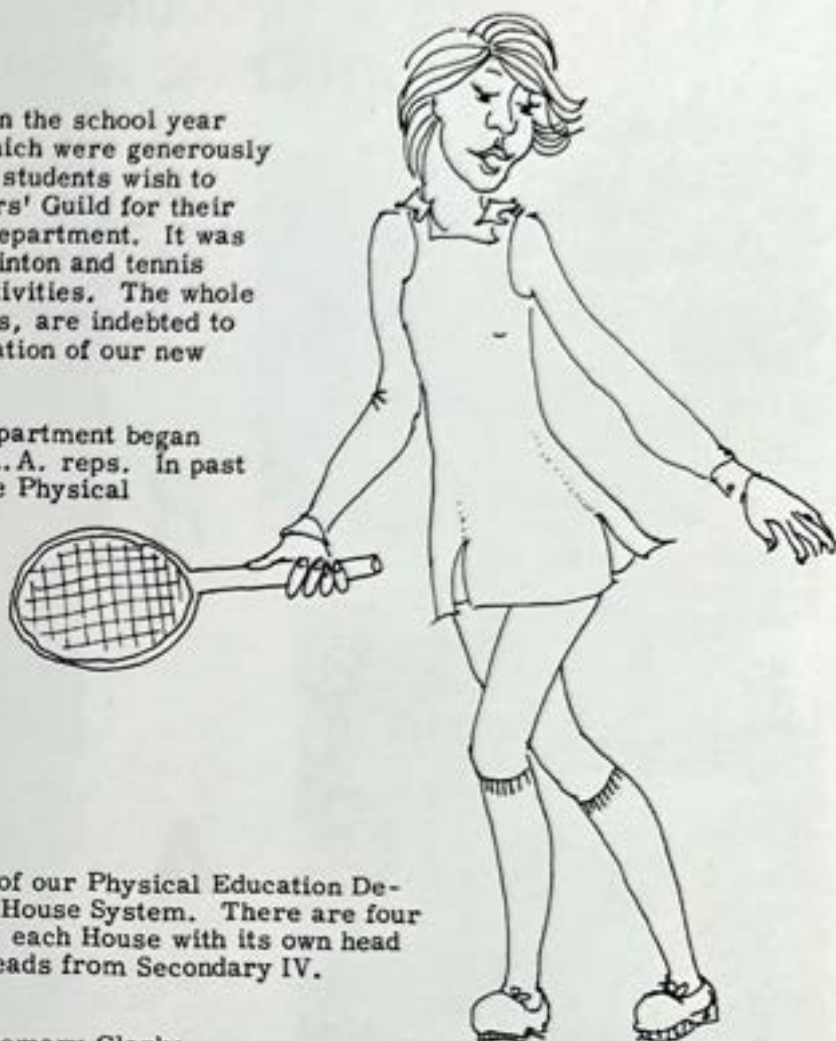
Blue House	Head	-	Rosemary Clarke
	Sub-head	-	Marilynne Madigan
Grey House	Head	-	Helena Luciani
	Sub-head	-	Mary Jill Milne
Red House	Head	-	Mitch Rogers
	Sub-head	-	Christine Geoffrion
White House . . .	Head	-	Maura Burke
	Sub-head	-	Linda McKeown

All these girls have been superb in their contribution of their time and help to make the enactment of this new system a success. We feel it has been a good year for the Girls' Athletic Association and we hope that the future will bring even more advances in the effectiveness of our Physical Education program. Again, we would like to thank Mrs. Watson for her patience and persistence. (KEEP SMILING MRS. WATSON!)

Thank you and good luck to all.

Dina Tardi & Marilynne Madigan

(Yearbook Representatives for the G.A.A.)



STUDENT COUNCIL 73-74



President: AnnMarie Elvidge
 Vice-President: Maureen Wilson
 Treasurer: Carol Bellringer
 Secretary: Susan Leclair



LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Little Miss Muffet
 Crouched on a tuffet,
 Collecting her shell-shocked wits.
 There dropped (from a glider)
 An H-bomb beside her --
 Which frightened Miss Muffet to bits.

by Paul Dehn



D

R



A



M

A



PARIS TRIP



Ann and Danièle.....horsing around again!

Sacred Heart Girls.....the sexiest! Paris-Montreal.



Here they are again.....this time feeling quite at home, at Nôtre Dame Cathedral.

RETREAT



With a lot of help from Mrs. Beckett, Father D. Eley and Sister Murphy, the Grade Elevens enjoyed a complete sharing of fun and thought on our Retreat.



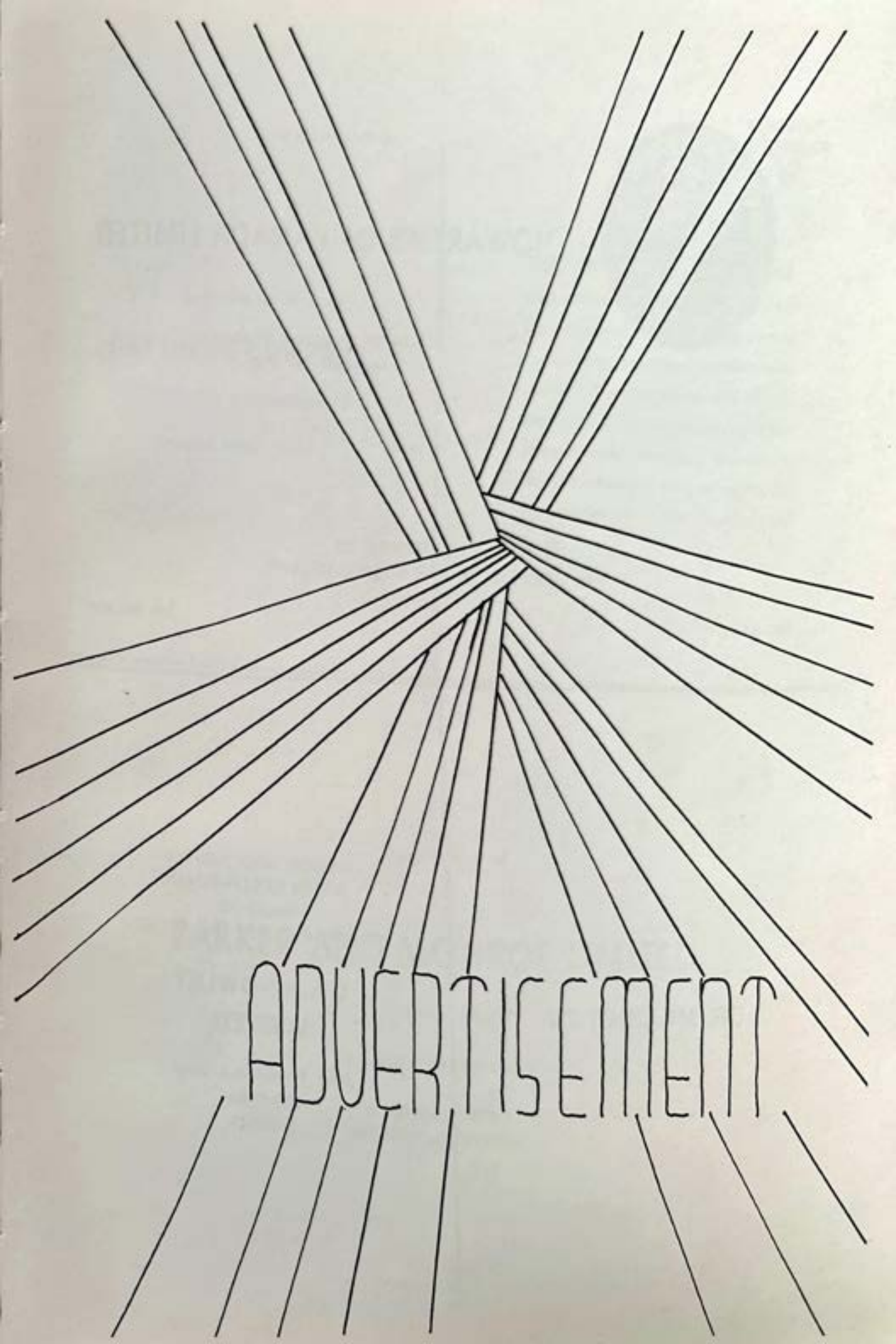


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Many thanks to all our contributors, also to Mr. Primeau, Mrs. Robinson and Mother Johnson for their assistance.

A special thanks to Miss LaRocque and Mrs. Filipovich for their help and guidance in making this Yearbook possible.

An abstract geometric design featuring a central point from which numerous thin, black lines radiate outwards. The lines are arranged in a way that creates a sense of depth and movement, with some lines appearing to cross or overlap. The overall effect is reminiscent of a stylized starburst or a complex web of connections.

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Dla
Lucy Davis
Dina Tondi (Hi)
Loree Parsons
Garry Hollman
Love Sandra
Estelle Cherry
Pauline Parsons
Arlene Solomon
Liz Wilson
Priscilla Shultz
Renee Ann Malloy
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Marnie Kiefer
Linda McKeown
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Karen Kost
Lynda Schipper
Betty MacIntosh
Joey Bernard
Joan Morrison



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purr-pose
is to fill space

With Very Best Wishes
from

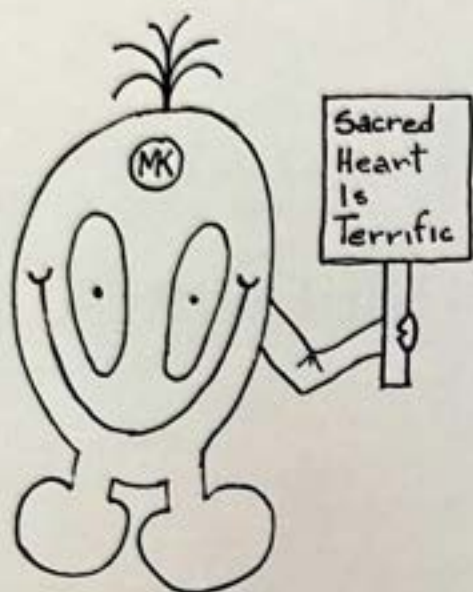
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Autographs







Holly : 842 - 1366

Sue : 276 Brighton Dr.